

A PANEGYRICK, on His Grace the Duke of ALBEMARLE,

Installed CHANCELLOR of the UNIVERSITY of CAMBRIDGE, May the 11th. 1682.

I.
A Midst the Noisy Crouds of Jealous Fears,
VVhich trouble less our Eyes than Ears,
And with much Labour wou'd in us advance
The only Art of *Easy Ignorance* ;
Amidst the dark *Designs of Factions Pride*,
Ceasing with wonted Bravery to Ride
In *Popularity's* now ebbing Tide ;
What Blessed *Omen* this ?
VVhat Glorious *Hero* Strikes our sight,
Causing at once in us a Dazzling Bliss,
And opening our Eyes with *Heavenly light*,
(For surely such from Heaven derived is.)
To see and know our Happiness,
To see, *Old Time* repair his Force,
And make the Learned years renew their Course :
VVhile Pens snatched from his VVings do try,
To change him to *Eternity* ;
By Praising ALBEMARLES Great name,
And Damning all *Rebellion* to Suffer Fame.

II.
No more shall the *Phanatique Python* Stain
Parnassus with his Venom o're again,
By Thee, the great *Apollo*, Slain.
No more th' *Athenian* Statutes shall be VVrit,
In *Baleful Characters* of *Humane Eloud* :
Nor shall *Dull Rebels* prove their only VVit,
VVhich is to Destroy It.
Now the Town's safe, not by a VWall of VVood ;
But through * Thy Bounty Arts Securely fit * *Trin. Coll.*
On wise *Seth's Columns* to Resist the Flood.
Thou com'st a *Patron* and a *Founder* too,
And mak'st those Stately *Structures* shew ;
Learning is no such Clownish Thing,
But may be fit, the Polit Court of the most Serene King.

III.
Arts, which for many Ages have been Lost,
And Bury'd in the Grave of *Destiny*,
Shall now Revived be
Out of their Dead Obscurity,
And Fate shall find her *Jurisdiction* Crost.
Under Thy Influence, and to our Surprise
More Fruitful *Vaticans* shall Arise :
And we shall view in *Sciences* large Sphere
Many a new Star, not before seen there :
No End in that vast Circle shall appear.
And, tho in these *Benighted* times
Knowledge and VVit may only lead to Crimes,
A more Illustrious day now flows from Thee,
VVherein Restored is true *Learned Loyalty*,
Marching in Goodly Pride and Goodly Company.

IV.
See, see the God-like Son of Restoration,
Two greatest Blessings, which Man ever sought,
Or a Forgiving God e'r brought
To a Distress'd and yet repining Nation.
See him of Heavenly Form, Mild and Severe,
Raising at once Sweet Love, and awful Fear :
The Lyon and the Rose of CHARLES's Arms are there ;
Ready at home to Council with his VVord,
And Act abroad those Councils with His Sword :
Ready on all Results to bear a Part
In Troubles for to ease his Prince's Heart :
Counting flat *Treason* Then the Middle way,
And, to sit Unconcern'd, is, to Betray ;
VVhen *Faction* under shew of Publick Good
Thirsts after private wicked ends and *Sacred Bloud*.

V.
VVhile the Great Soul of ALBEMARLE, the Sire,
Triumphant to it's Heaven did Retire,
He stood, like th' *Attick Hero*, at His Death,
And his own Statue did to Future Fame Bequeath.
He stood, and Tearing from his Breast his Son,
(Summing up all past Glories in That one,)
Deliver'd him to CHARLES with the same Hand,
Which Empires us'd to Give, and Armies to Command :
'Take this my only Comfort, SIR, (said he,)
'Take this my Richest Legacy,
'That of due Right, is Forfeited to Thee.
'The Land is Thine: Do Thou Refine the Ore ;
'And wearing Thy own Stamp 'twill be worth more ;
'Be Thou his Guardian, and may be Defend,
'His and the Faith's Defender —————.

VI.
He said : The Heavenly Powers all Listning Sate,
And Heard, what they already had made Fate.
Raised they had Thy Soul to such a thought,
As that thy Father's Services were nought ;
Another's Merits are not by Thee Sought.
They had with Warlike Virtue endu'd Thee,
Virtue, which might be termed Extasy,
And only Feared, not to Die :
Yet Acting solidly the Souldiers part
And Thy Paternal Military Art :
Making the meanest Labour still Thy Own,
Encouragement Thou Scatterst and Renown ;
And rendring Thy self equal unto All,
'bove 'em Thou Risen in Thy Fall.
Others with their Large Pay do less,
Than Thou canst do with meer Address,
Advancing Valour to an Higher Place,
Thou mak'st it Greater by Thy GRACE ;
As Clearer to Receive the *Complements*
Of Thy Exalted Soul, both Clear and Sound,
Like the Fair Atoms of a *Diamond*,
VVhich takes the Eye, and Light to it Presents.

VII.
Such were those Conquerours, whose Praise of old
In *Mars's* and *Fame's* *TRUMP* was told ;
And we may call 'em Prophecies of Thee,
Since Thou livest o're their History,
And vouchest Times new *Palingenesy*.
VVith Thee They chang'd Their Armour to a Gown,
And wholly made the Common Meed their own,
Learning and War's great Lawrel-Crown.
The Pen did whet the Noble Victor's Sword,
VVhile this to that Protection and Guidance did afford.
And such art thou, who gladsom Peace dost give,
That knowledge, Peace's Eldest Child, may Thrive ;
And all the *Muses* may in Sober Safety live.

A Blessed hour, wherein we see
Immortal Honours Honour'd by Thee :
VVe make the *Chancellour*, and Thou the *University*.

F I N I S.

L O N D O N :
Printed by N. Thompson, next the *Cross-Keys*
in Fetter-Lane, MDCLXXXII.

13 May 1682